

PEACE.

A

POEM:

Inscribed to the

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Lord Viscount *BOLINGBROKE*.

*Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento ;
(Hæ tibi erunt Artes) Pacisq; imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos.*

Virg.



LONDON:

Printed for John Barber, on Lambeth-Hill; and Henry Clements,
at the Half-Moon in St. Paul's Church-yard. MDCCXIII.

P E A C E

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P O E M :

Published by the



RIGHT HONORABLE

T H E

Lord Viscount BOLINGBROKE

Virg
Pacem subigit, & debellare superbos
Facit, impositumq; morum
Virescentis imperio regibus, Romanis, in mentes



LONDON:
Printed for J. Baskin, on Ludgate Hill, and Henry Clements,
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PEACE.

THEN It is done! the wond'rous Work compleat!
Britain at last is Wise, as well as Great.

Too long have our deluded Heroes dy'd,
 For *Belgic* Avarice, and *Austrian* Pride:
 Too long have We indulg'd our Martial Flame,
 Disgrac'd by Triumphs, pillag'd into Fame.
 But now no more shall We be scorn'd, or aw'd
 By Lies at home, by Insolence abroad;
 To Foreign Nations which We sav'd, and paid,
 By our own *Native Foreigners* betray'd:
 No more shall Taxes rise, and Credit fall;
 No more, at ev'ry little Princes Call,
 Shall our resign'd, obsequious Troops advance,
 The Jest of *Europe*, while the Dread of *France*.

Shall then th' ungrateful, the detracting Muse
 The Honours due to conqu'ring Chiefs refuse?
 Oh! No; Forever may their Honour live,
 With all th' improving Charms the Muse can give.

B

Loud

Loud Fame forever shall resound *Turin* ;
Ramillia's Laurels with unfading Green
 Shall always bloom, and scarce be forc'd to yield
 To those of *Wynendale's* immortal Field.
 And if from dire *Blarignia's* Wood we brought
 A Conquest joyless, and too dearly bought ;
 Where our fierce Troops with frantick Valour broke
 Thro' Trenches, Storms of Bullets, Clouds of Smoke ;
 O'er Trees, and Piles of Cannon urg'd their Way,
 While roll'd in Heaps th' expiring Victors lay :
 If with less Pride and Pleasure We admire
 Such fatal Courage, and Romantick Fire ;
 Yet *Hockstadt*, and th' ennobled *Danube's* Stream
 Shall always live, the Poet's boasted Theme :
 The *Danube*, wond'ring at th' unusual Sight,
 Encumber'd with the Ruins of the Fight ;
 Choak'd up with clatt'ring Arms, with Tides of Blood,
 And Steeds, and Squadrons tumbling in the Flood,
 Shall still be heard, wherever Fame can pierce ;
 And still run Purple in Recording Verse.

But why, when Victors, should we push too far
 The boundless, wild Extravagance of War ?
 Why should brave *Britons*, too profusely brave,
 With their own conqu'ring Swords themselves enslave ;
 And die to Ruin what They meant to Save ?

Glorious,

Glorious, 'tis true, and bright the Heroe shines ;
 Who scatters Armys, breaks th' embattled Lines,
 Derives Renown from bloody Trophies won,
 From Cities storm'd, and Provinces o'er-run.
 Dazling He glares, and sounds in Epick Lays :
 But greater Those, more solid is their Praise ;
 Who use the Blessings Providence has giv'n,
 Skill'd to Enjoy th' indulgent Care of Heav'n.
 Glorious the Chiefs, who Thunder'd on our Foes :
 Yet still superiour Honours wait on Those,
 Who check'd that Thunder in it's full Carrier,
 And spar'd the Monarch We no longer fear ;
 Unbound delusive *Faction's* magick Charms,
 And sav'd us from our own Victorious Arms.

Nor easy was the Task : For *Faction* grown
 To Pow'r and Greatness, had besieg'd the Throne ;
 Against Us turn'd our own propitious Fate,
 And us'd our Triumphs to subvert the State.
 With many a specious Show, and fair Pretence,
 Amus'd the Vulgar, and confounded Sense :
 Pronounc'd the World undone, should Fighting cease,
 And taught Mankind th' Absurdity of Peace.
 Such dark Designs a settled Calm abhor,
 Safe in Confusion, and the Noise of War.

So Witches hide with Clouds their hideous Forms,
 Lay Plots in Whirlwinds, and Cabal in Storms.
 Long had the Sons of Anarchy prevail'd,
 And, favour'd by a Tempest, proudly sail'd;
 Long had enjoy'd their bleeding Country's Toils,
 Fed on her Woes, and revell'd in her Spoils.
 While valiant *Britons* were by Cowards brav'd,
 And by the sound of Liberty enslav'd.
 And while abroad new Martial Schemes were wrought,
 For Sieges, Camps, and Battles yet unfought;
 While Mines were sprung, while Bombs and missive Balls
 Laid Towns in Heaps, and shatter'd smoking Walls:
 No less at home were Trains of Treason laid,
 No less th' Artillery of Malice plaid;
 Scandal, to Batter, Brib'ry to surprize;
 And inexhausted Magazines of Lies.

What Tale, what Fiction can the Muse relate,
 To sing the Turn of rescu'd *Britain's* Fate?
 Rescu'd from Those, who with unweary'd Cares
 Had long intangled Her distress'd Affairs;
 By seeming to defend, attack'd the Throne,
 And sunk their Sov'reigns Pow'r, to raise their own.

Oft have We been by fam'd Romances told,
 A mighty *Princess*, seiz'd, betray'd, or sold,

In

In some strong *Castle*, which a *Giant* keeps,
 With dire Magnificence imprison'd, weeps.
 Tho' proud imperial Pomp adorns the Seat,
 And all is Stately, Beautiful, and Great;
 Tho' round it Streams in crystal Mazes run,
 And gilded Turrets glitter in the Sun:
 The Fabrick stands by force of *Magick Spell*,
 Founded on Charms, and fortify'd by Hell.
 Nor can the sacred Matron here confin'd,
 Tho' Wife and Good, Her self those Charms unbind.
 Long sighs the Royal Captive, to Despair
 Almost resign'd, and only lives on Pray'r:
 Govern'd by Those, who seeming to Obey,
 A sower Respect, and surlly Homage pay.
 Till some *bold Knights*, for *Chivalry* renown'd,
 And Feats of Arms, durst tread the faithless Ground;
 Assisted by a *Holy Priest*, who dares
 Bravely to counterwork the *Magick Snares*;
 Skill'd to unravel and dissolve the Charms,
 Heroe in Piety, as Those in Arms.
 In vain all Arts the *Necromancer* tries,
 In vain He rouzes Hell, and Heav'n defies;
 On jarring Hinges fly the brazen Doors,
 And with their thund'ring Noise the Concave roars.
 The *Champions* enter, greedy to engage
 The black Cabal; and fearless of its Rage,

In gloomy Halls above, and Vaults beneath,
 Explore their Way thro' Darkness, Fiends, and Death.
 In vain his massy Club the *Giant* wields,
 And monstrous *Gryffons* beat their bossy Shields;
 The dreadful Hiss of *Dragons* stuns their Ears,
 Pale Phantoms shake their visionary Spears,
 And Horror, in a thousand Shapes, appears.
 The Dame releas'd, Her choicest Gifts bestows
 On Them, to whom her Liberty she owes;
 The Castle falls, th' *Enchanter's* Pride and Trust,
 And all th' ungodly Fortrels sinks in Dust.

Can Truth to more transcendent Wonders rise?
 And History beyond Romance surprize?
Sedition, thrown from Greatness, struggles still;
 And as it fails in Pow'r, abounds in Will.
 But wrong'd *Britannia* will no longer bleed;
 Her faithful Patriots resolute proceed,
 Against the Force of Earth and Hell combin'd,
 Of Foreign States, with homebred Faction join'd;
 And prove, by breaking each obstructing Bar,
 More Courage shewn in making Peace, than War.

This ORMOND found; who obstinately good,
 Amidst the various Croud of Nations stood;

Batter'd

Batter'd with Noise, on ev'ry side inclos'd,
 To all their Pow'rs Himself alone oppos'd.
 In vain an hundred States the Chief assail;
 Intreaties, Promises, Reproaches fail:
 The Chief, tho' warm'd with just Resentment, stands
 Stedfast to execute His QUEEN's Commands;
 Endures a Truce, controuls his Martial Fires,
 And awful in superiour Worth, retires:
 Heroick in Obedience, scorns their Spight,
 Bravely suspending War, and daring *not* to Fight.

Daring *in* Fight, how oft has O R M O N D prov'd
 His fearless Soul, in Fields of Death unmov'd!
 Fame, who to late Posterity shall tell
 How O R M O N D's Glory rose, while *Eugene's* fell;
 His *Vigo*, and his *Landen* shall resound,
 Th' immortal Conquest, and th' immortal Wound.
 Yet more than Both shall sing that Glory gain'd,
 When Conquest was without a Wound obtain'd;
 When *Britain's* Chief with Victory return'd,
 Which Heav'n applauded, and no Widows mourn'd:
 Happy, his Martial Honours to increase
 With bloodless Laurels, and triumphant Peace.

Britannia, long with Woes and Shame distress'd,
 And by her own degen'rate Sons oppress'd;

Her

Her Head, now free from Clouds, Majestick rears,
 Beauteous, and Great, and All Her self appears.
 Sov'reign of Islands, Sea and Land she awes,
 And thro' remotest Climes dispenses Laws.
 Her proper Province mighty *ANNE* resumes,
 T'assign contending Potentates their Dooms;
 Some to persuade, some force, and quiet All,
 And in an even Ballance poise the Ball.
 While States averse to Peace in Feuds engage,
 And struggling Nations obstinately rage;
 Supreme and Eminent Great *ANNA* stands,
 And holds That Ballance with unerring Hands.
 In cool, delib'rate Thought, surveys the Scene
 Of Wars, and in a Tempest shines serene:
 Their various Int'rests Arbitress She guides,
 Their jarring Claims, and doubtful Rights decides;
 Then pleas'd looks down to see consenting Foes,
 And smiles auspicious on the World's Repose.

So when impetuous Passions toss the Soul,
 And Tides of boiling Blood reluctant roll;
 Imperial Reason keeps her awful Throne,
 Above the Tumult reigns unmov'd alone:
 At her Command intestine Discords cease,
 And all th' inferiour Pow'rs lie hush'd in Peace.

Yet

Yet faithful Patriots on the Crown must wait,
 Assist their Sov'reign, and secure the State.
 When Princes round their Thrones such Subjects place,
 And with their most distinguish'd Favours grace;
 By their own Gifts They more Illustrious grow,
 And share the Honours which Themselves bestow.
 To Them the Muse her grateful Strains shall raise,
 Who next to Heav'n and *ANN A* claim our Praise.
 Merit so known ev'n Envy shall confess,
 And Factious Malice *only wish* it less.
 Nor shall That Malice hope to cloud their Fame,
 Or blast our Thanks with *Flatt'ry's* odious Name:
 When all *Britannia's* Provinces agree
 In blessing Thole who set *Britannia* free;
 When shouting Crouds their utmost force employ
 In artless Rapture, and unpractis'd Joy.
 From Joy exulting, *Flatt'ry* none can fear,
 And Transport never yet was unsincere.
 Sing then, my Muse; and idle Rancour scorn,
 Let *Britain's* genuine Sons thy Verse adorn;
 Fam'd without Trophy, or Triumphal Car,
 Heroes of Peace, and Conquerors of War.

In This illustrious List by Faction curs'd,
 The brave, advent'rous OXFORD shines the first.

Bless'd with the gen'rous Will and Pow'r to save,
 Wisely advent'rous, and in Reason brave:
 His Country, with Heroic Zeal, He loves,
 With Wealth enriches, and with Arts improves.
 With Learning's Stores so furnish'd is his Mind,
 He seems for private Life alone design'd ;
 Yet so completely finish'd for Affairs,
 He seems design'd for none but publick Cares.
 Born to defend the Crown He first reliev'd,
 And still increase the Credit He retriev'd.
 Manag'd by Him the Royal Treasure gains
 New Credit, and the Royal Cause maintains ;
 Nor longer in polluted Channels flows,
 To bribe Sedition, and reward our Foes.
 Well did those Foes, judicious in their Rage,
 Against this Leader all their Pow'rs engage,
 Whom still with mighty Cause they fear'd, and curs'd ;
 Nor was fierce *Guiscard's* dire Attempt the first :
 Others of higher Rank, and deeper Thought,
 With cool Design, and Scheme maturely wrought,
 More solemnly attack'd th' important Life ;
 And quite disgrac'd the Foreign Villain's Knife.
 Wond'rous Great Man ! Thou Glory of our Isle !
 How does thy Praise the weary Muse beguile !
 Fond of her Theme, she felt not, as she sung,
 Her Pinions flagging, and her Nerves unstrung ;

Now

Now sues for Respite with Thy Fame oppress'd,
O'erpow'rd breakoff, and only pants the rest.

Short is her Respite; next Great HARCOURT stands,
And all her Force and Energy commands.

But Oh! what Force, what Energy can raise
(What, but His Own?) a Voice to reach His Praise?

Whene'er He speaks, such Graces flow with ease;

Strength to convince, and Elegance to please.

When pow'rful *Faction* insolently proud,

Without Disguise it's black Design avow'd;

Conspir'd the Monarchy's, and Mitre's Fall,

In One *brave plots Man* arraigning All:

On HARCOURT'S Voice the list'ning Thousands hung,

And blest the moving Accents of His Tongue;

Pleas'd ev'n in Danger, and in Fear o'erjoy'd

To see such Eloquence so well employ'd;

At once defending Truth's, and Vertue's Cause,

The Church, the Crown, Religion, and the Laws.

Thro' all the various Steps of Honour past,

The highest Honour He adorns at last;

And now exalted to the glorious Height,

Shines thro' its Cares, nor bends beneath their Weight.

Plac'd near the Crown, and for the Crown's support,

Chief of the Law, the Senate, and the Court;

With

With *Ratifying* Hand our Peace assures,
 And *seals* the Blessing which His QUEEN procures.
 Judge, Statesman, Orator, in Him shine forth
 With blended Rays, and speak the Patriot's Worth ;
 Whom *ANNA* with Ennobling Smiles approves,
 Whom all the World admires, and St. JOHN loves.

St. JOHN he was ; But now That Name so long
 The Theme and Labour of Poetic Song,
 The Senate's Darling, *Britain's* Pride, and Boast,
 In BOLINGBROKE illustriously is lost.
 O BOLINGBROKE, how shall my Thoughts get free,
 To speak the Fulness of my Soul for Thee ?
 To make a Master-piece complete, refin'd,
 Nature and Art in Him we see combin'd ;
 And all the Gifts of Body, and of Mind.
 A Genius born for different Honours fit,
 So turn'd for Business, so polite in Wit :
 Gen'rous with Warmth, without the Starts of Rage ;
 In sprightly Youth, mature and wise as Age.
 Whene'er his Cares He chuses to unbend,
 And lose the Statesman to indulge the Friend ;
 What sparkling Sense, what Sweetness All Admire,
 What solid Gayety, and temper'd Fire !
 Fire, which Assistance to the Muse can bring,
 Provoke her Lays, and teach Her how to Sing.

His

His early rip'ning Soul his Years outran,
 And form'd the Senator before the Man.
 Now in full Lustre all the Patriot shines,
 Shares *ANNA*'s Thoughts, and aids her blest Designs.
 Tho' by her Friendship mighty *LOUIS* grac'd
 With Joy the happy Pledge of Peace embrac'd;
 Yet with unwilling Wonder he beheld
 His own fam'd Court by *BOLINGBROKE* excell'd:
 The boasted Elegance of *France* outdon
 By *ANNA*'s Minister, and *Britain*'s Son.

Still graceful at his Court is *Britain* seen,
 While There Her *SHREWSB'RY* represents his *QUEEN*.
 Laden with Honours, which true Merit draws,
 And splendidly unmov'd with just Applause.
 Consummate Statesman! Thee Thy Country boasts,
 Her *SHREWSBURY* return'd to publick Posts;
 Who from the envy'd Labours of the Great
 Awhile withdrew, illustrious in Retreat.
 But Oh! Thy Country's Piety forgive,
 If praising Thee She cannot cease to grieve;
 Still mourning Him, who so untimely fell,
 Tho' pleas'd to see his Place supply'd so well.

O HAMILTON----But stop my Muse, forbear ;
 All now is Joy ; the sad Remembrance spare.
 It will not be : The mighty Passion pent
 Expands it self, and struggling heaves for Vent.
 For Him, compell'd by Woe, we change our Verse,
 And, devious into Sorrow, crown his Herse.
 O HAMILTON----The plaintive Sounds return ;
 Must then Thy Country ev'n in Triumph mourn ?
 Thee, Thee She mourns ; and only finds Relief
 From Indignation, and the Rage of Grief.
 Ev'n against Thee in Anger waists her Breath,
 Nor yet forgives Thee thy lamented Death,
 Impatient thinks on That false Honour's Guilt,
 Thy Blood, the Blood of Kings so madly spilt ;
 A Prince, a Heroe, made a Ruffian's Prey,
 So brave a Life so vilely cast away.
 Find Him, ye Ministers of Vengeance, find
 The Murderer ; In Mercy to Mankind,
 O Earth, discover Him ; Ye rolling Floods,
 Tell it in Murmurs ; Hide Him not, ye Woods :
 The Earth is burthen'd, 'till He meets his Fate,
 And groans and labours with the Villain's weight.
 Behold the Good, the Pious, and the Fair,
 Widow'd by Him, and plung'd in deep Despair,
 In all her Pomp of solemn Woe appears,
 Shining thro' Shades, and beautiful in Tears.

Pardon,

Pardon, Ye living Heroes, that so long
 A Heroe dead diversify'd our Song.
 Your selves the Justice of our Grief confess ;
 And own Your HAMILTON deserv'd no less.
Britannia, from her Breast that Grief to drive,
 Thinks on her faithful Sons who still survive.
 The best of Senates still, as Now, will grant
 Whatever Aids the best of QUEENS can want.
 Immoveable in Loyalty's Defence,
 While BROMLEY fills their Chair, and speaks their Sense.
 So learn'd and skilful their Debates He guides,
 A Senate in his single Breast resides.
 His very Aspect, and distinguish'd Mien
 Express the Godlike Soul that dwells within.
 In Him with Love, and Revere[n]ce, charm'd we see
 Sweetness and awful Worth so well agree.
 In Him, who true to Vertue always stood,
 Always unfully'd, and severely Good.
 Tho' bless'd already by each loyal Tongue,
 Ne'er shall He see his Praises justly sung ;
 Till his own *Oxford* shall her Pow'rs unite,
 And all the Muses join to do Him Right.

How should at home such Patriots want Success;
 When Patriots happy in the same Address,

Uninfluenc'd

Uninfluenc'd by Foreign Force and Fraud,
 Concur to second their Designs abroad?
 Hail, *Mitred Statesman*! Pious, Wise, Renown'd,
 With Sacred, and with Civil Honours crown'd.
 Well suits the pious Work Thy double Care,
 The Statesman's Wisdom, and the Prelates Pray'r.
 Justly to Thee the *fullest Pow'rs* are giv'n;
 Ambassadour of *A N N A*, and of Heav'n.
 By Her our *Peace* commission'd to restore,
 Commission'd by the *Prince of Peace* before.
 Skilful the Schemes of Monarchs to unfold,
 While in Their Breasts the Fate of *Europe* roll'd;
 Awful their intricate Debates to rule,
 In all their Contests venerably cool:
 Patient t' endure, so many tedious Hours,
 The struggling Int'rests of aspiring Pow'rs.
 In *British* Annals, scorning envious Age,
 Shall B R I S T O L's Worth adorn the brightest Page;
 Of Church and State Great Minister approv'd,
 Defending Both, by Both admir'd and lov'd.

What in a Colleague could He more desire,
 Than Loyal S T R A F F O R D's prudent Force and Fire?
 By long Experience vers'd in Foreign Courts,
 He aids their Sov'reigns, and his Own supports.

Warm'd

Warm'd with true Courage, and a generous Flame,
 And nicely jealous of his Country's Fame;
 Form'd to direct, or silence War's Alarms;
 In Peace now glorious, as before in Arms.
 With Emulation find his future Race
 Their Ancestors' immortal Acts shall trace;
 And strive, reflecting how his Honours grew,
 To wear his Garter, and his Steps pursue.

By these illustrious Heroes Europe blest,
 Forgets her Woes, and thanks them for her Rest.
 Pleas'd with the Prospect of a new World,
 Restoring Plenty to her happy Isles:
 Annexes new Dominions to her Crown,
 Increas'd in Empire, deathless in Renown.
 To Her each World it's Wealth and Strength resigns,
 Europe's Forts, and India yields it's Mines.
 Her Merchants unmolested, uncontroll'd,
 Enrich her Kingdoms, and import their Gold;
 Thro' all the Universe pursue their Gain,
 Secure from War, and fearless plough the Main.
 British and Gallic Ships, which saw with Dread
 Each others Flags, and hostile Streamers spread;
 Now greet alternate, all the Ocean over,
 And only in saluting Thunder roar.

At home all Opposition, crush'd and quell'd
 Expires; and *Faction*, which, so oft repell'd
 Her wicked Purpose stubbornly pursued,
 Tho' long reluctant, is at last subdued;
 In foolish Railing spends her idle Breath,
 And feebly curses in the Gaps of Death.

So frets the Snake, and throws his Venom round,
 Severely damag'd by the Shepherd's Wound;
 Disabled, maim'd, he twists his lingering Spirit
 And forc'd to yield, maliciously retires
 Collecting all the Strength that Rage can give,
 Tardy to die, yet impotent to live
 At length lies stretch'd, and, all his Struggles past,
 In faint, imperfect Hisses, breaths his last.

While That dire Fiend expires, with beating Veins
 Britain exults, and Joy unbounded reigns.
 I see, I hear the glorious Pomp proclaim
 Our Happiness, and mighty *Anna's* Fame.
 Thro' proud *Augusta's* Streets it moves along,
 Solemnly slow, and labours thro' the Throng.
 Musick precedes, and gilded Banners play;
 Drums, Trumpets, Crouds, and Shouts confound the Day.

And only in saluting Thunder roar.

Thames,

Th' Effigie with August, Majestick Mien,
 Looks *ANNA*, almost breaths, and speaks a Queen.
 But Oh! what hallow'd Joy Within appears!
 What sweet, celestial Musick charms our Ears!
 Now, soft as Breezes of the breathing Spring,
 Tremble the Vocal Aires, and warbling String:
 Now thro' the Dome the bolder Notes rebound,
 Swell'd with the lofty Trumpet's sprightly Sound.
 The various Organ, pleas'd, with Both complys,
 Sinks as They sink, and rises as They rise:
 While Heav'n approves the consecrated Lays,
 And Angels in replying Anthems praise.

From this Great *Anniversary* Years shall run:
 And *ANNA*'s Fame roll circling with the Sun.
 By her auspicious Care her Britons freed
 From long oppressive Mis'rys, cease to bleed.
 The lab'ring Hind, now fearless in his Toil,
 Shall turn the Furrows of his Native Soil;
 No longer forc'd to leave his rural Car,
 Torn from his Team, and ravish'd into War.
 True Liberty her Influence now shall spread,
 And long distress'd Religion raise her Head.
 No more shall Vice, Triumphant, Laws defy,
 Nor Blasphemy unpunish'd brave the Sky.

Sedition lurks, abandon'd, and abhor'd ;
 The *Dignity of Crowns* is now restor'd :
 To *Justice* all Her Energy allow'd,
 To spare the Suppliant, and confound the Proud.
 The *Mitre* now, escap'd from dark Designs,
 With awful Beauty venerably shines :
 While peevish *Schism* lies snarling at the Sight,
 With envious Grin, and Impotence of Spight.
 The injur'd *Many*, long abus'd with Lyes,
 And long misled by Faction's thin Disguise,
 Their groundless Fears, and Jealousies give o'er ;
 And whom They once Suspected now Adore.
 Ah ! happy *Britons* ! would You but believe
 The Happiness which Heav'n is fond to give !
 Perswaded to endure Your Peace and Rest,
 Content to Flourish, patient to be Blest !
 Oh ! think at last ; Your fatal Feuds forget :
Britain, by Union, truly Brave and Great,
 To all the World shall Formidable prove ;
 Strong by That Union, terrible in Love.
 And That shall be ; if with a sure Presage
 The Muse Prophetick sees the op'ning Age ;
 If to Her View the Destinies unfold
 Its shining Volumes, and disclose its Gold.
 Heav'n, tho' so long provok'd, in future Times,
 For pious *ANNA's* Sake, shall spare our Crimes :

ANNA, the Guardian of Mankind's Repose,
For many smiling Years, unmark'd with Woes,
Shall lasting Peace and Happiness bestow ;
Still blest by Heav'n above, and blessing Earth below.

The Muse now, escap'd from dark Designs,
Which awful Beauty venerably shines :
While peevish Scorn lies lurking at a sight,
With envious Gits, and Impatches of Spight.

The mind'd Muse, long bound with Ires,
And long milled by Faction's thin Disguise,
Their groundless Fears, and jealousies give o'er ;
And whom They once subjected now Adore.

SINCE happy Britain's Fate
The Happiness which Heav'n is fond to give !
To crown her with its Blessings and its Rest,
Consent to form a Union, firm and true,
I think at last ; I our fatal Fends forget ;

By Union, only true and great,
To all the World shall formidable prove ;
Strong by That Union, terrible in Love.
And That shall be ; if a true Prestage
The Male Propheetick sees the op'ning Age ;
If to Her View the Destinies unfold
Its shining Volumes, and disclose its Gold.
Heav'n, tho' so long provok'd, in future Times
For pious A.W.N.'s Sake, shall spare our Crimes ;

ANNA G

